

# AMERICAN RED CROSS



## For Middle-Aged Men and Women

It isn't always on coming old age that causes men and women in the middle years of life to slow up and feel a loss of ambition and energy. Weak or disordered kidneys do not filter waste matter and impurities out of the blood as they should, and backache, tired feeling, lameness, stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic pains, biliousness, irritation of the bladder, puffiness under the eyes or other symptoms of ailment appear.

**SHE WAS GREATLY BENEFITED**  
"I feel so much better than I did before I got Foley Kidney Pills. They are fine and easy to use. My name in your advertisement led me to buy you as your medicine helped me greatly. I truly hope some one else who needs it will get some of your medicine. Your Kidney Pills are wonderful. I cannot thank you enough for them." Laura Perry, 1540 Twigg St., Augusta, Ga.

## FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

strengthen the kidneys, stimulate the bladder and tone up the liver. They help the kidneys remove the accumulated poisons and soothe and heal the passages. When the kidneys and urinary tract are doing their work perfectly, the whole system is benefited and restored to health and strength. Why suffer when a reliable remedy can be so easily had?

**SOLD BY**  
Sold everywhere in Alma.

## J. E. Converse OPTOMETRIST



Registered by State Board of Examination. Up-to-date Fitting Room. Modern Instruments. 106 East Superior Street

## A Well Barbered Head and Face

are just as essential as a good suit of clothes.

Our shop is equipped with every convenience for a first-class service. We solicit your patronage.

## The Recreation Shop

HARRY ROWE, Proprietor

## If you want the WRIGHT HOUSE LIVERY

Don't call the number in the book.

**CALL 421 R2**

The number is changed. Try the new number and GET RESULTS



The thief is more afraid of a burglar alarm than he is a bull dog. It strikes terror to his avaricious heart in the same manner as does a policeman's whistle. We will install burglar alarms for you that will guarantee your safety. Electrical of course.

Electrically at Your Service  
**A. J. McWine**

**MEDLER & HANLEY ELECTRIC CO.**  
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES & SERVICE  
Phone—Union 86

**RECORD WANT ADS COST LITTLE—RETURN BIG.**

## FORGOT HE CHANGED HIS HAT

Aged Restaurant Patron Makes Search for Straw Toppiece, But Finds Own Derby.

Nice old gentleman in the restaurant, with a long line of hat trees running down the center. His dinner finished, he picked up his check and turned to the hat tree back of him and took down his hat, or the hat he had no doubt was his, but when from force of habit he looked inside of it to make sure he found that it wasn't his hat at all!

So he put that hat back on the tree and tried the next most likely one, but with the same result, and it was the same with all the hats on the tree, which he looked into one by one until he had looked into all excepting a black derby, which he did not inspect, for what he was looking for was a straw.

But then, to leave no stone unturned, he took down that black derby and looked into it; and, good gracious! that was the hat he was really looking for; that black derby hat he was now looking into was his very own.

He smiled as he put it on. He had changed that morning from straw to felt and then had forgotten all about it.

## PITCAIRN ISLAND IS LONELY

Natives Occupying Spot, Peopled by About 150, Have Degenerated Through Inter-marriage.

Home is where the heart is, but the heart picks out some most unusual locations at times. Rather near, as Pacific ocean distances go, to the Society Islands, is Pitcairn Island. It is certainly a lonesome spot, says the New York Sun, and as far back as 1838 the British authorities decided that it was no fit place for human habitation. So the descendants of the mutineers of the "Bounty" who had settled there in 1790 were transferred that year to the more inviting Norfolk Island. Several families, however, were so homesick that they went back to Pitcairn.

The population from these few families has now increased until about 150 people are on the island. Through inter-marriage and other evils of isolation these islanders have degenerated and their retrogression undoubtedly will end in their extermination.

## Phonograph Repeats Record.

When the needle comes to the end of its travel and the music ceases the owner of a phonograph equipped with a new attachment, says Popular Mechanics magazine, takes no heed, and a moment later the machine is playing the same air over again. This interesting result is achieved by means of a metal arm pivoted at a point outside the turntable, its inner end resting upon the projecting tip of the spindle. At the end of the record the traveling sound box engages a trigger which actuates a vertical screw, and the metal arm rises, lifting the needle from the record. The sound box slides back along the inclined arm to its starting position, the descending arm replaces the needle accurately in the outer groove, and the music goes on.

## Wealth in Waste.

The foundation of some of the most prosperous corporations were laid in utilization of what was formerly waste. The field is still open to the southern pine lumberman. The annual cut averages 15,000,000,000 feet, board measure, and for one foot that goes to the lumber piles, two go to waste. Chemists would say this was not waste, but wasted raw material for vast quantities of paper, twine, bags, pulp boards, turpentine, resin, pine oil, charcoal, tar, varnish, ethyl alcohol and acetic acid. Yet lumbermen throw away this great source of wealth and complain of the high cost of producing lumber.—Wall Street Journal.

## Myriad of Snowballs.

A singular phenomenon, reported to science by L. E. Woodman, was witnessed last March around Burgoyne and Orono, Maine. A four-inch fall of snow was followed by high wind, and occasional gusts caught up large flakes and rolled them over in the damp top layer, forming a myriad of snowballs from two inches to nearly two feet in diameter. The triangular trail of one was 36 feet long. The balls were largest on downward slopes, and a measured one had a horizontal diameter of 20 inches and a vertical diameter of 14 inches.

## Pursued.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's handwriting was so illegible that some of his manuscripts remained unpublished because nobody could read them. This was likewise true of Carlyle. The story is told of a type compositor who was employed by a London printing office because of a strong recommendation brought from Scotland. The first piece of manuscript given him to set was by Carlyle.

"My God!" said the new typesetter. "Have you got that man here too? I fled from Scotland to avoid him!"—Ladies Home Journal.

## Unattractive Duds.

"Do you know how to make a pan dowdy?" asked her husband. It was too good an opportunity to let go by.

"Certainly," she replied. "All I have to do is to dress the pan in the kind of clothes you make me wear."

## Wait in Patience.

Don't get discouraged. There is hope for everyone and success ahead for those who are willing to patiently await triumph. It is safer and surer for you if you'll follow the precedent of older and wiser persons than yourself. They probably know through keen and humiliating experience.—Exchange.

Don't miss "The Brute Breaker," Idlehour, Friday.—adv.

## SORCERY GRIPS THE ALASKAN

Natives Formerly Implicitly Believed in Words and Actions of the Shaman.

Shamanism, or superstition and sorcery, always has played an important part in the life of the Alaskan native, says the Chicago Evening Post. So implicitly did the Alaskan of not many years ago believe in the words and actions of the shaman that a whole tribe would go hungry rather than incur his displeasure by eating foods he had tabooed.

The Shaman attained his position and power by unusual methods. By fasting and prayer amid the solitudes of the woods or mountains, where he fed only on grasses and roots, he prepared himself to become a shaman. By this method it was believed the candidate's body became sufficiently purified to become the abiding place of spirits.

Usually the spirit, willing to abide with the shaman, sent the novice a land otter, which the candidate killed, the otter's tongue to be preserved as a talisman away from human view, for should it be seen it was believed shaman would go insane or be turned into the animal from which the tongue was taken.

Thus the land otter was regarded as too sacred to be killed by other than shamans.

## LOCATIONS OF VOLCANOES

Eruptions Come From Weak Spots on Earth's Crust—Areas Divided in Four Groups.

Volcanoes are located on the weak spots in the earth's crust, scientists say, according to a writer in Leslie's Weekly. These areas are in the ocean basins, the lands bordering these basins, or mountains which flank or construct outlines of continents. These areas are divided into four groups, viz.: (1) Pacific-Caribbean belt, following the Andes of South America, the lesser Antilles, Central America, and Mexico, the west coast of North America, Kamchatka, the Japanese Islands, the Philippines, and Sunda Sea Islands, New Zealand and Victoria land, in the Antarctic; (2) the Mediterranean-Caspian region; (3) Atlantic region, including the volcanoes of Iceland and the Azores; (4) the Pacific region, with volcanoes in Polynesia, Hawaiian and other islands. Just why these parts of the earth's crust should be the weak spots has not been convincingly explained.

## Apiary Adjunct of the Hospital.

The curious idea of making the apiary an adjunct of the hospital has been suggested. The sting of the bee has long been popularly regarded as a cure for rheumatism, and a British beekeeper has now announced that it is an almost infallible test of the safety of administering anesthetics. The keeping of the bees, therefore, may become necessary as a means of deciding whether surgical operations in certain cases may be performed. If a patient suffers from nervous weakness, a bee sting on the hand may cause a large swelling and affect the glands of the body, and operation is then unsafe.

## Finland and Australia.

Finland has discovered Australia, and it is hoped, observes an exchange, that the commonwealth will soon recognize commercially the enterprising new republic. Trade relations with Australia are being sought, and Finland will be glad to exchange cream separators and safety matches, paper pulp and timber for a little of Australia's surplus meat and wheat. The consul of the new republic has established his headquarters in Sydney, New South Wales, and has already obtained excellent publicity. Finland must surely have been studying American methods of production.

## Masts Made by Machine.

A machine has been built which will shape masts up to 100 feet in length and three feet in diameter. The timber is set up in the machine and revolved at a speed of 70 revolutions a minute, and it is shaped by a cutter head which is electrically driven at the rate of 700 revolutions a minute. This cutter head is mounted on a carriage, which is moved along the timber against a rail set to give the proper profile to the mast. Heretofore this work has been done by hand and required skilled workmen. At best it has been a slow and laborious task.

## Promising Invention.

Those of us who love to wear delicate fabrics, the laces, ruchings, or gaudies and chiffons, will be very glad if an alleged invention to render such stuffs moisture-proof shall be successful. Some of us have had a heap of trouble with ruchings in our sport shirts. They haven't remained nice and fresh more than four days when the tennis and golf have been good. If now they may be rendered moisture-proof we shall be as happy as the man with the celluloid collar, and exertion will have no terrors for us.—Hartford Courant.

## A Bird Colony.

The most remarkable bird colony in the world is on Hat Island, in the Great Salt Lake, Utah. The island is about 12 acres in extent, and the colony is securely located on a rocky pinnacle 100 feet above the brine, with not a drop of fresh water to be found and apparently nothing to attract the birds except the sense of security which the island offers.

## I Am Not Poor.

Try hold me not in scorn, I am not poor. Poor rather is the man who desires many things. Where shall I take my place? Where in a little time from henceforth you shall know. Do you answer for yourself! From henceforth in a little time—Leonardo da Vinci (translated by Edward McCurdy).

Dorothy Dalton in "The Market of Souls," Idlehour, Sunday.—adv.

## The Exception

By MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The black dog reared his head like a hawk and barked deeply as a man came lagging up the slope toward the house—a lank man with mild blue eyes and a kind mouth.

"Aunt Marindy—" the man faltered. "For pity's sake, Tink Wilhite!" exclaimed Marindy Hart. "Whatever's the matter? Set down."

Her visitor occupied a chair by a gradual relaxation of his joints.

"Tavy's left me!" he announced briefly.

The woman looked at him. She was a sympathetic soul and neighborhood troubles gravitated to her as the weathervane swings to the wind.

"Tavy's left you, eh? Where is she?"

"Over home." The man's voice was dead.

"And you're here. Looks like you left her."

"No, she was going to town to look for a job," answered the man, "but I couldn't let her take Tad so far away, and it coming summer, so I told her to stay there, and if so be she couldn't live with me, I'd go away myself."

"I always thought, Tink Wilhite," she shook her finger impressively, "that you was throwin' away as a man. You'd orto been a woman. Think what a satisfyin' wife you'd make for an over-bearing man. Whose fault was it?"

"Tavy says it's mine. You see, I loaned Cousin Jeb, down at Halfway, fifty dollars the time the river rose and he broke his leg trying to save his hogs. Tavy said I'd no right to help my kin; that I'd orto give the money to her if I didn't need it. Lord



"Tavy'll Never Do That!"

knows I needed it, but Jeb and me've been like brothers, and I just had to help him."

"Well, I ain't one to raise ructions in families, nor to set men against wives; but I do say that if you loaned Jeb Wilhite fifty dollars, you was doing a Christian job, and he'll pay it back for his straight. Besides, didn't you have to pay a fine to keep Tavy's worthless brother out of jail last winter? I guess she's never counted that. Well, what do you want me to do?"

"That's what I come for, Aunt Marindy," the man replied helplessly. "I loved you'd tell me."

"Lord!" ejaculated the woman. "I don't want the job of handling Tavy Wilhite, especially when I'm backing such a poor bet as you are. A man that's cruel to his wife orto be shot. But it's every man's right—and sometimes his necessity—to stamp around, puff out his chest and talk about being master in his own house. He may cut out of her hand for twenty-nine days, but he'd better put up a big bluff on the thirtieth. But I might put the words in your mouth, and the minute Tavy'd get in eyeshot of you you'd get limp, drop your chin and put on that aggravating humble look of yours, and then, of course, any woman'd tramp on you—let alone Tavy."

"I reckon you're right, Aunt Marindy," assented Tink, with an air of despondency. "I'm a poor critter, compared to Tavy. But couldn't you reason with her a little?"

"Bosh, Tink Wilhite! Did you ever try to reason with a balky mule? I have, and a balky man or woman is about the same. Why, Tavy is putting in full working hours right now, thinking up arguments against the time she's going to be reasoned with. The best way for you to cure her tantrums would be to stamp your foot and roar that you are the boss, but you're too crumpty for that, so you'd better stay here a few days, and let her get good and lonesome, so she'd take you back. The hired man needs help on the north ridge, anyway, so that'll make it all right with the neighbors."

Tink could sink no farther in his chair, but he gave the impression of one whose skeleton no longer upheld his flesh.

"Tavy'll never do that!" he groaned.

"Well, I've advised a lot of folks," she began again, "but I heard once that a man and wife are like a pair of shears—cutting at each other all the time, and hitting everything that comes between. I believe it, and I believe, too, that the reason I have so many friends is that I have kept out of married folks' rows. But I'll do this: If you stay here a couple of days, keeping close to the hired man's shack, so no one gets wind you're here, Tavy'll be ready, say about Thursday evening, for me to have a little talk with her."

The man's flesh seemed, suddenly, to possess a skeleton. One of the many veils of gloom which shrouded his features was lifted.

"Thank you, Aunt Marindy." His voice was humbly grateful. "I haven't much hope, but you can fetch her if anyone can."

"Well, it's an exception to my rule, and I wouldn't make it except for you—me remembering how you helped me when you were only a boy and I was a stranger here, with himself sick and dying. Now you go out to the shack and don't lie awake worrying. Twon't be a week 'till you are back home, riding Tink on your back and taking Tavy's bossing."

It was early dusk on Thursday when she stopped her backboard at the corner of the Wilhite farm nearest the house and let Tink out.

"You stroll across lots," she directed. "It's getting so dark she won't see you, and you wait 'till I'm inside. Get where you can hear, and when she bursts out crying rush in and grab her. I'm calculating, by the color of her, that you won't have to wait long."

Aunt Marindy tied her horse, knocked and was admitted. Little Tink was asleep on the bed in the corner. Octavia Wilhite greeted her dully—a Roadieen of the plains, with milk-white skin over which the pebbly red had no power, slumberous brown eyes and a pile of red hair. She was heavily-lidded and pale, but hard-lipped.

"I declare, it's warm already," remarked Aunt Marindy peevishly, as she mopped her face. "I come to see if Tink has a posthole auger. Jim's fencin' the north eighty."

"I don't know," answered Tavy. "If he has—had—it will be out at the barn. We'll go out and look."

"Where is Tink?" asked Aunt Marindy, with polite interest.

Tavy's neck stiffened and her smoldering eyes blazed.

"I don't know where he is, but I know what he's done. He's left me alone with my child, here on this God-forsaken farm—deserted me!"

"You don't say!" marveled Aunt Marindy.

"He has!" reiterated Tavy. "And I'll show him!"

"Well! Well! And I thought it was all gossip. You never can tell what devils these week-looking men can be!"

Aunt Marindy gazed commiserately on the wife, whose chin quivered.

"I don't see how you stood it so long," she went on, with vast sympathy. "He's a scoundrel and ort to be in the pen—troubling you so just because he don't care for con any more!"

"Oh, oh, oh!" Tavy screamed hysterically, with upraised hands, while tears ran down her face.

"How dare you!" she shrieked.

"How dare you say such things about the best man in the world. It was all my fault, and he's gone—he's gone!" There was a rush of feet and Tink burst into the room, white and excited.

Tavy projected herself violently into his outstretched arms.

"Darling!" she sobbed, vehemently and dramatically. "She is telling lies on you! Oh, Tink, don't you love me any more?"

"Harder and harder every minute, you angel! You sweet little child!" "She—she said you'd orto be in the pen!" sobbed Tavy stormily. "And that you didn't care for me any more. Mean old backbiter!"

"There, there, little one," soothed Tink. "She didn't mean to hurt your feelings—she just didn't know how sensitive you are!"

Aunt Marindy sniffed. Then she rose and drained.

"I guess it's time for me to be getting back."

"I know you mean it for the best, Aunt Marindy." There was both respect and amnibosity in the hired man's voice as he turned his head, "but you should have realized how delicate her nerves are."

"She introduced you!" hissed Tavy, without looking around. "I shall never forgive her!"

Aunt Marindy drove home, and in silence turned her horse over to Jim. Inside, Josephus, the clerical-looking matinee cut, sat on the broad window-sill, regarding her with mild curiosity. She answered his inquiring look.

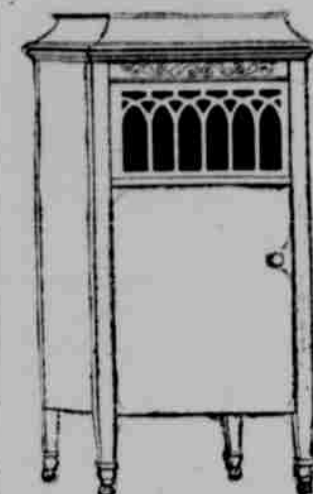
"Well, I made an exception, and I got just what was coming to me. Josephus, I've been in a pair of shears for the first time—and, listen! It is the last time, too, for Marindy Ellen Hart!"

Then, in a voice of self-congratulation, "but I fetched her, anyway. Tink knows that I know she knows it. That's one satisfaction!"

## Wild Horses Worth Little.

In Queensland "brumbies" (wild horses) are literally not worth the catching, as at auction sales they realize only a few shillings. Eight shillings was the highest price obtainable at a recent sale. The "brumbies" have increased to such an extent during the last few years that the station owners, finding them a nuisance, are engaging hunters to destroy them. These hunters are paid eight shillings for the first 100 head, the price being a shilling a head for the next 100, and so on.

# Mr. Phonograph Buyer--



We Represent the Great



As a merchant selling this Phonograph, nearly five years in your city we want you to enjoy some of the past history we will briefly tell:

Pathe arrived in America from France some seven years ago. Three years ago the American public began to realize that Pathe was a superior musical instrument. No needles to change. Records that would not wear out and a true universal Phonograph that would play any record perfectly.

In the past three years of wonderful progress there have sprung up seventeen large Pathe factories in the United States making nothing but Pathes for you.

Papers and magazines were not flooded with Pathe advertising.

Our success was on our merits.

Can you imagine any other Phonograph company making the progress Pathe has in the past three years?

The largest, finest and most complete Phonograph shop in Michigan is considered the Cunningham's of Detroit, exclusive Pathe agents.

Our record stock is large, numbering 2400 Pathe Records.

The latest hits are on Pathe records first.

Our Christmas stock is going fast. First come first served. Convenient terms if desired.

## The Pathe Shop

FRANK F. SMITH



Copyright 1919, Hart Schaffner & Marx

## Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

### Typify Progress

Style is but one of their vantage points. All tailoring details are years in advance. This leadership in clothes impels leadership in the wearer.

### O'Coats in the Newest Models Especially Belters

Young men like the snug stay-put feeling of the belt all-around. We will deem it a pleasure to show you these "all to the good" clothes.

## G. J. MAIER & CO.

## It's Easy to Sell Anything—if

You will set a fair price on the article—tell the facts about it in a little WANT AD.—and then give your want the widest publicity possible by using it in THE ALMA RECORD.